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The Gallant soldier

S e v e n D i a l s
[London]

[18--]

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OCLC Number : 27690628

Call Number : W PN970.E5 GALLx

Title : The Gallant soldier : being a collection of choice songs
relating to the soldier's life.

Imprint : Seven Dials [London] : Printed and sold by J. Pitts, [18--

Format : 15 p. ; 20 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Title vignette.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Pitts, J., printer.

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LETTER TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, 1860.

Vocal Repository.

THE
GALLANT SOLDIER;
BEING A COLLECTION OF
CHOICE SONGS
RELATING TO
THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.



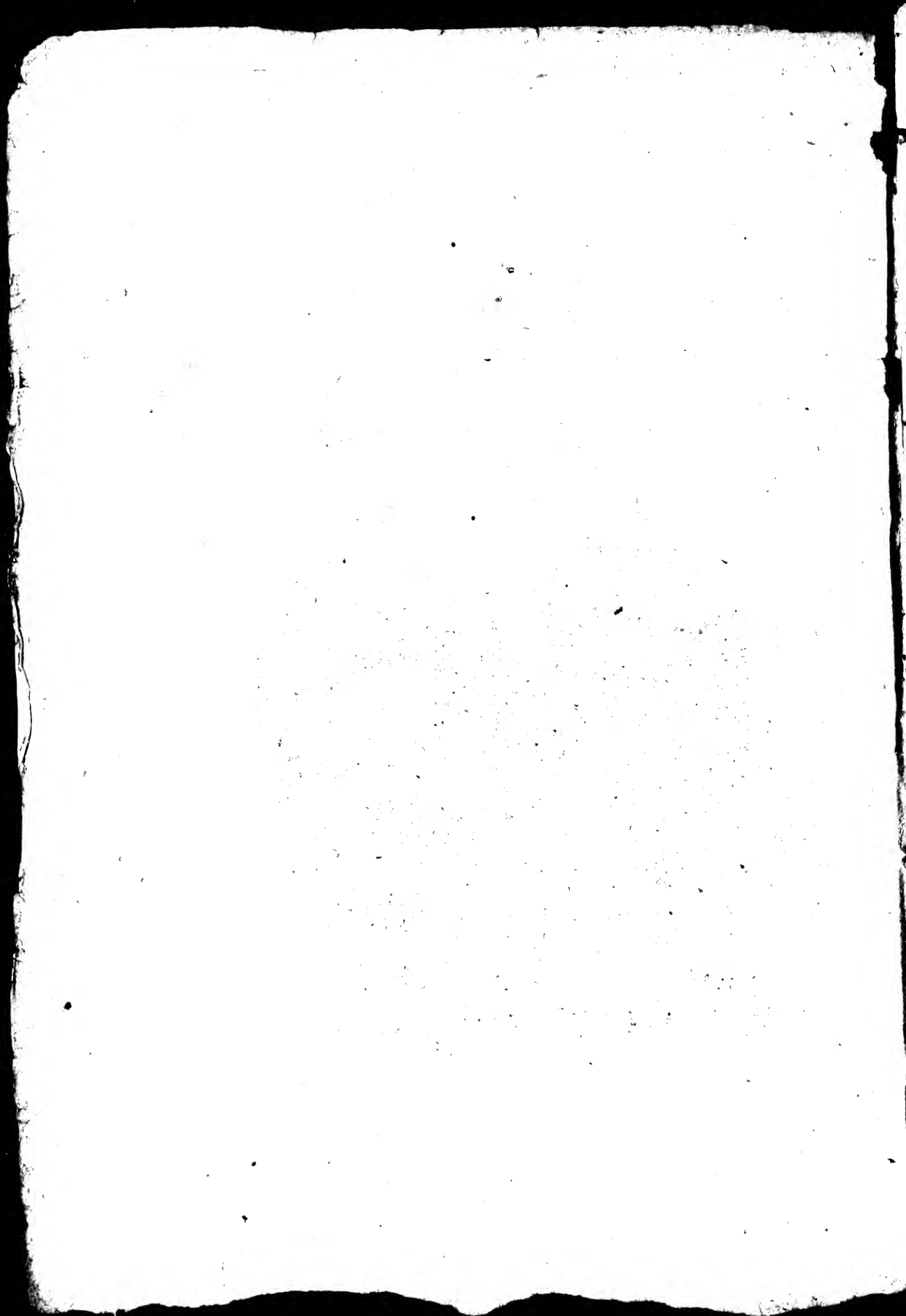
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Seven Dials;

And by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers, in Town
and Country.

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PRICE ONE PENNY, or 6s. per Hundred.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.



THE
GALLANT SOLDIER.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

ADIEU, for awhile, to the town and its trade,
Adieu to the meadow and rake,
Our Country, my Boys, calls aloud for our aid,
And shall we that Country forsake?
It never was known, that true hearts, like our own,
From hardship or hazard would flinch,
Let our foes then unite, we will shew them in fight
What Britons can do at a pinch.
A slave must he be, who will not agree
To join with his neighbours and sing,
That the brave and the free, such, Britons, are we,
Live but for our Country and King.
It never was known, &c.

NANCY OF THE DALE.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train
A Camp's distress to prove;
All other ill she can sustain
But living from her love.
Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirits fail,
To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

JUN 23 1912

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
 Ah! how shall I secure
 Your health, 'mid toils, which you were born
 To soothe, but not endure:
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

But happy in each other's love,
 One fortune will we share,
 Hope shall our surest anchor prove,
 Our trust against despair:
 On Heav'n alope we will rely,
 Whose mercies never fail,
 Altho' that one or both should die,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

O SAY BONNY LASS.

HE.

O say, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack,
 And marry a soldier, and carry his wallett,
 O say, would you leave both your mammy and daddy,
 And follow the camp with your soldier laddy?

SHE.

O yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,
 And marry a soldier and carry his wallett;
 I will but ask leave of my mammy and daddy,
 And follow my dearest, my soldier laddy.

HE.

O say, bonny lass, would you go a campaigning,
 And bear all the hardships of battle and famine,
 When wounded and bleeding, then would'st thou
 draw near me,
 And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?

SHE.

O yes, bonny lad, I will think nothing of it,
 But follow my Harry and carry his wallet;
 Nor danger, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me,
 My soldier is near me, and nothing can harm me.

THE TOBACCO BOX;

OR,

THE SOLDIER'S PLEDGE OF LOVE.

THOMAS.

THO' the fate of battle on tomorrow wait,
 Let's not lose our prattle now, my charming Kate,
 Till the hour of glory, love should now take place,
 Nor damp the joys before you with a future case.

KATE.

Oh my Thomas, still be constant, still be true,
 Be but to your Kate as she is still to you;
 Glory will attend you, still will make us blest,
 With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possest.

THOMAS.

No new beauties toasted, I'm their arts above;
 Three campaigns are wasted but not so my love,
 Anxious still about thee, thou art all my care,
 No beauty shall seduce me, to me but Kate is fair.

KATE.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
 Nor think that I will leave thy side the whole cam-
 paign,
 But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold,
 May'st thou share the victory! may'st thou share
 the gold!

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, 'tis a soldier's all;
 If by Frenchmen's blows your Thomas chance to fall,
 When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,
 Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

KATE.

Here, take back thy 'bacco box, thou art all to me,
 Nor think but I'll be near thee, dearest love, to see:
 In the hour of danger let me always share,
 I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

THOMAS.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
 Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
 But may Heav'n befriend us! hark! the drums com-
 mand:

Now I will attend you.—Love, I kiss your hand.

KATE.

These tears I cannot conquer, tho' crying I disdain;
 But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain.
 May good Heav'n defend thee! conquest on thee
 wait!

One kiss more and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says
 conquest on me wait!
 yield myself to fate!

THE FIFE AND DRUM.

THE Fife and Drum sound merrily ;
 My Soldier, my Soldier is all to me ;
 With my true love I soon will be :
 For who's so kind, so true as he ?
 With him in ev'ry toil I'll share ;
 To please him shall be all my care :

Each peril I'll dare,
 And all hardships bear,

For my Soldier, my Soldier is all to me.

Then, if kind Heav'n preserve my love,
 What rapt'rous joy shall his Nancy prove ;
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound !
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd.
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest ;

Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget War's alarms,

For my Soldier, my Soldier is all to me.

THE FIFE AND DRUM.

TO ev'ry fav'rite village sport
 With joy thy steps I'll guide ;
 Thy wishes always will I court,
 Nor e'er stir from thy side.

But when the sprightly Fife and Drum,
 With all their dread alarms,

Echo afar

The cry of war,

When Chiefs are heard to cry we come,
 And honor calls to arms.

Thy pain and pleasure will I share,
 For better and for worse,
 And, if we have a prattling care,
 I'll be its tender nurse.

But when the sprightly Fife and Drum, &c.

THE KNAPSACK.

I'VE health and I've spirits too,
 Of work I've had my share;
 And when you go, for love of you,
 I will your Knapsack bear.

Nor this resolve e'er will I rue,
 We both alike will fare;
 And still content, for love of you,
 Will I your knapsack bear.

Tho' thunders growl, and lightnings blue,
 In flashes cleave the air,
 I'll march content, for love of you,
 And will your knapsack bear.

All dangers, hazardous and new,
 One smile shall make me dare;
 Rememb'ring 'tis for love of you,
 That I your knapsack bear.

THE WAR TRUMPET;

OR,

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

HARK! hark! the War Trumpet, so loud and so
 clear,

Hark! hark! Love, it calls me away:

Now, now, I must leave thee, must leave thee, my
dear,

My honour, my duty, forbid more delay.

Yes, yes, dearest Betsy—then take, my sweet girl,
My kiss, my last kiss!—with a *Soldier's Farewell!*

Farewell!

Dry, dry up that tear, starting from thy blue eye,
For know, Love, 'tis glory that issues the call;

O yes, and for England I'll conquer or die,

For England, (*my Country,*) will conquer or fall!

Yes, yes, dearest Betsy—then take, my sweet girl,
My kiss, my last kiss!—with a *Soldier's Farewell!*

Farewell!

O! still be thou constant, and cherish my love,

O! still be thou constant, keep truth in thy heart,
Then, if not upon earth, we again shall above.

Meet, where sorrow is not, nor again shall we
part:

Yes, yes, dearest Betsy—then take, my sweet girl,
My kiss, my last kiss!—with a *Soldier's Farewell!*

Farewell!

THE SENTRY.

From the Opera of "The ENGLISH FLEET."

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim Night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The Sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
Who goes there? stranger quickly tell,

A friend—

The word?—

Good night,—

All's well.—

As sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck,
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear,
 What cheer, my brother, quickly tell,

Above,

Below ?

Good night,

All's well.

Thus man should ever know his ward,
 And o'er himself keep strictest guard !
 If pleasure with seductive wile,
 His constancy would fain beguile,
 If fear, or vice, in savage form,
 Would take his honest heart by storm,
 What e'er advance, demand it tell

If friends—

Or foe ?—

To friends,

All's well.

OUR COUNTRY'S VOICE.

OUR country's voice invites the brave,
 The glorious toils of war to try;
 Where is the coward or the slave,
 Who shuns the fight, who fears to die ?

Obedient to the high command,
 Full fraught with patriotic fire,
 Descends a small, but trusty band,
 And scarce restrains th' impatient ire.

Lo the hostile crouds advance !

Firmly we their might oppose,
Helm to helm, and lance to lance,
In awful pomp we meet our foes.

Unaw'd by fear, untaught to yield,
We boldly tread th' ensanguin'd plain :
And scorn to quit the martial field,
Tho' drench'd in blood, though heap'd with slain.

For tho' stern Death assail the brave,
His virtues grateful mem'ry claim ;
His fame shall mock the invidious grave,
To times unborn an honor'd name.

THE GOOD OLD SOLDIER.

I'VE heard a complaint, when we've bled in the wars,
That the world always frowns on our fate,
That neglect is the meed of our honoured scars,
And indifference stands at each gate.

It is true that I something of this kind have seen,
Towards my brethren return'd from the wars ;
And I set me to think what such conduct could mean,
Why they slighted their honoured scars.

It is not the scar nor the soldier that's scorn'd,
For I many have seen most rever'd ;
But he, who should be by fair virtue adorn'd,
For his vices, too often, is fear'd.

If in innocence bred, from his parish he lies,
 And for virtue the army's no school;
 He learns there to drink, to blaspheme and tell lies,
 And returns but to kick at all rule.

Instead of protecting the fearful and good,
 By the good he, alas! is but fear'd;
 And mischief has oft to his neighbours accr'd,
 When, by virtue, he'd been most endear'd.

It was my happy lot in a village to dwell,
 Where true goodness is ever esteem'd.
 I was taught in my youth to discern good from ill,
 And my soul the most precious part deem'd.

At the call of my King I repair'd to the wars,
 To chastise the presumptuous foe,
 And with victory crown'd, but all cover'd with scars,
 Pleas'd I bore them my friends for to shew.

When my wife and my children embalm'd them with
 tears,
 In each neighbour I found a true friend;
 Each envies my fate, when my story he hears,
 E'en our Pastor well pleas'd will attend.

In places remote many ways have I learn'd,
 Which I thought might our 'vantage produce,
 These, to better their states, to their good I have
 turn'd,
 And of money and time made some use.

While absent, my wife and my children contriv'd,
 From the parish allowance to stay;

And remittances duly I sent, as I liv'd
The nearest, and hoarded my pay.

Thus, by kindred belov'd, and respected by all,
In peace wears the eve of my days;
And I trust, that when Providence hence me shall
call,
To breathe out my last in his praise.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

GOD of my Fathers! guide my way,
Amidst the battle's fierce alarms,
Grant me to see this dreadful day
The triumph of my Country's arms.

Yet not my will, but thine be done,
If thy high wisdom doom my fall;
Tho' short the race of life I've run,
I die content at duty's call.

Then, if thy grace my prayer accord,
Th' expression of my parting breath,
Grateful, I'll bless thy goodness, Lord!
And smile amidst the pangs of death.

May my transgressions of thy will
Find mercy thro' my Saviour's name;
May my lov'd Country, freed from ill,
Long flourish in unbounded fame.

THE SOLDIER'S HYMN.

(From PSALM XVIII.)

NO change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee!
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God:
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I will address my pray'r,
 (To whom all praise we justly owe)
 So shall I by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe,

'Tis God that girds my armour on,
 And all my just designs fulfils:
 Through him my feet can swiftly run,
 And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

Lessons of war from him I take,
 And manly weapons learn to wield;
 Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
 Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.

On his firm succour I rely'd,
 And did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
 Nor fear'd whilst he was on my side,
 The best defended walls to scale,

For God's design shall still succeed :
 His word will bear the utmost test :
 He's a strong shield to all that need,
 And on his sure protection rest,

Who then deserves to be ador'd,
 But God, on whom my Hopes depend ?
 Or who, except the mighty Lord !
 Can with resistless pow'r defend ?

Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
 The rock on whose defence I rest,
 O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
 Who me with his salvation blest.

" God to his King Deliv'rance sends,
 " Shews his annointed signal grace :
 " His mercy evermore extends,
 " To David and his promis'd race."

FINIS.

THE FOLLOWING
TRACTS
OF THE
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ARE ALREADY PUBLISHED BY
J. PITTS.

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The Gallant Soldier.
The Cheerful Sailor.
The Friendly Society Songster.
Rural Melody.
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THESE WILL BE FOLLOWED BY

The Sheep-shearers' Garland.
The Honest Farmer.
The Whistling Ploughman.
The Rural Poets' Garland.
Domestic Harmony.
The Winter Fireside, &c. &c. &c.